The Sorrows of the Unemployed and the Danger of Changing From Bill to Harold.

a certain Western Town that started out with the Expectation of hurting Chicago, there was an v Settler who tried to build around the Corporation. He Street Frontage and then held

the Year round with a Pair Boots, a woolen Hat and ate Collar Button. While nd holding out on the Assessor ting the Grangers for Railway ses, he was regarded as a Wolf. he changed his address to Over e Heirs erected something that ke the Bunker Hill Monument they had him done in Oil by they had him done in Oil by the Artist. The Artist fixed or Him and gave him a neat Collar such as no one could on to the Old Man with a same time he was one of the hardest to

one to keep Tab on him he to find \$100 Bills in his Clothes

n he was looking for a Card and it ned to Vex him a good deal. few Years before W. Harold be-e surrounded by Currency he had Wife, without very much of a e. Leonora was of a very Nice ily that owed something on the se and kept a Girl part of the Time.



She Gave a Few Dog Parties.

After she began to have a Governess for Stuyvesant Jimpson and an Im-ported Nurse for the little Evelyn Jimpon her Memory seemed to blur in Spots ad she couldn't have done up the bisbes to save her life. When she was out in her Brougham

it kept her busy not seeing her Child-hood Friends who used to go to Kissing Parties and Taffy Pulls with her. That was why she wanted to Travel. She ed to get to Paris where True

Her Husband, also, was getting sore They called him "Bill.

Leonora was already feeding their Legs to the Mosquitoes because someone had told her that the real Cream Cheeses always left the Kid's partly uncovered, a la Parisfenne.

W. Harold closed out all his interests and when he got through he had his Bank Roll in one neat Stack of Bonds. All he had to do for the remainder of his Natural Life was to clip the Cou-pons every Six Months. Between times

Pressers and Maids, as well as a Keepsometimes known as a Valet, set t for Yurrup. As Harold sized up e Caravansary he swelled with Satisaction and said: "Little would any one Suspect that we have been out of the Hazei Brush less than three Months."

Now that he was beyond the Range the unlettered Reub, he began to do little Landscape Gardening on the ntispiece, laying out a very neat of Depews. He wore Gloves even Night and worked for Hours trying

Gash right through the center of Continent. They saw everything tioned in the Red Book and finally with a loud metallic There they settled down to re-forever, in the Shade of the shel-Absinthe Frappe with the Vris-

inging in the Trees. W. Harold had inherited a few m every Angle and had worn two or three Chairs around Cafes, began to long for the Nasal Twang something to do. The whole Kit e moved back to the States. arned that the Proper Caper for o is out of Work and all clogged h Funds is to build a Cottage ig the Sea and work up Feathe Sunday Papers, Accordew up a Shack with Onyx and Florida Water piped Room. It faced four differ-The Excursionists rode in out hunting Baby Carriages Wagon had palled and Polo was a Bore and Ping Misdemeanor and Golf a Crime, arold and Leonora found themagainst it, strong and plenty t after a while. Sometimes as afraid that in order to she would either have to min-her Children or else take to but she hated to cause Talk. d W. Harold found themselves

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN HERE had been rumors all turbulent daily.

winter that the engineers were to strike. Certainly we of the operating department had warning enough. Yet in the railroad life there is always friction in some quarter; the railroad man sleeps like the soldier, with an ear alert—but just the same he sleeps, for with waking Business at 2 per cent a just the same he sleeps, for with wak-

and Tackile. They named a after him and every one in who was related to him could be sussief without a Ticket. Large End of all the Scads menin the last Will and Testament in the last Will and Testament as Son named William H. Jimpan and Jimp the Large End of all the Scads menned in the last Will and Testament at to a Son named William H. Jimpa. On the way back from the Cemery he took out a Pencil and figured see what he was worth and then he sanged his name to W. Harold Jimpash. W. Harold had been compelled to fly and will not be any to the control of the day.

We have no been compelled to fly and the control of the seen on the control of the seen of the Ground while the backnown was on Deck, but when there are not one of the seen of the Ground while the backnown was on Deck, but when there are not of the seen of the control of the c

en out on this end?"
"If one goes out, they all go.'
"Would you go out?"
"Would 1? You bet!"
"A man with a home and a wife and

baby boy like yours ought to have

more sense."

Getting up to leave, he laughed again confidently. "That's all right. We'll bring you fellows to terms."

"Maybe." I retorted, as he closed the door. But I hadn't the slightest idea they would begin the attempt that right. I was at home and sound asleep.

night. I was at home and sound asleep when the caller tapped on my window. I threw up the sash; it was pouring rain and dark as a pocket. "What is it, Barney? A wreck?" I

Worse than that Everything's tied

What do you mean?

"The engineers have struck."
"The engineers have struck."
"Struck? What time is it?"
"Half-past 3. They went out at 3 o'clock." Throwing on my clothes, I floundered behind Barney's lantern to the depot. The superintendent was already in his office, talking to the master mechanic

ter mechanic.

Bulletins came in every few minutes from various points announcing trains tied up. Before long we began to hear from the east end. Chicago reported all engineers out: Omaha wired, no trains moving. When the sun rose that morning our entire system, extending through seven states and territories. Was absolutely paralyzed.

It was an assignating situation, but one that must be met. It meant either an ignominious surrender to the engineers or a fight to the death. For our part, we had only to wait for orders. It was just 6 o'clock when the chief train dispatcher, who was tapping at a key, said:

ping at a key, said:
"Here's something from headquar-

We crowded close around him. His + Her Husband, also, was getting sore on his Birthplace. His Acquaintances would not stand for the W. Harold Gag.

They called him "Bill."

They called him "Bill."

They called him "Bill." on top of it all, the two Cases saw in our office. It was that of the Leonora was already feeding railroad magnate we knew as "the old sale of the wrote a name we rarely saw in our office. It was that of the railroad magnate we knew as "the old sale of the wrote a name we rarely saw in our office. man," the president of the system, and his words were few:

"Move the trains."
"Move the trains!" repeated the superintendent, "Yes; but trains can't be moved by pinch-bars nor by main

We spent the day arguing with the strikers. They were friendly, but firm. Persuasion, entreaties, threats, we exhausted, and ended just where the superintendent's office. But at the won't stand no strike superintendent's office. But at the won't stand no strike superintendent's office.

engineers and firemen were a unit. But the wires sung hard all that day and all that night. Just before midnight Chicago wired that No. 1--our big passenger train, the Denver flyer—had started out on time, with the superintendent of motive power as engineer and a wiper for fireman. The message came from the second vice president. He promised to deliver the train to our division on time the next evening, and

Denver?"
We looked at each other. At last all eyes gravitated towards Neighbor, our

naster mechanic.
The train dispatcher was waiting.
'What shall I say?'' he asked.
The division chief of the motive power was a tremendously big Irish-man, with a voice like a foghorn. With-out an instant's hesitation the answer

Every one of us started. It was throwing the gage of battle. Our word

had gone out; the division was pledged; the fight was on.

Next evening the strikers, through some mysterious channel, got that the flyer was expected.

that the flyer was expected. About 9 o'clock a crowd of them began to gather round the depot.

It was after 1 o'clock when No. 1 pulled in and the foreman of the Omaha round house swung down from the locomotive cab. The strikers clustered around the engine like a swarm of answees, but that night, though there gry bees; but that night, though there was plenty of jeering, there was no actual violence. When they saw Neighbor climb into the cab to take the run

west, there was a sullen silence. their head, called on me.
"Mr. Reed," said he, officiously,

"Mr. Reed," said he, officiously, "we've come to notify you not to run any more trains through here till this strike's settled. The boys won't stand it: that's all." With that he turaed on his heel to leave with his following. "Hold on, Cameron." I replied, raising my hand as I spoke; "that's not quite all. I suppose you men represent your grievance committee?"

Baxter looked at Foley, and Foley in short looked at Baxter; and Baxter not getting the tobacco out quick enough. Foley reminded him he was waiting, but I concluded to try the fellow on one, feeling sure that if he was crooked he would ditch it and skip. So Foley ran a long string of empour grievance committee?"

Just the same he sleeps, for with waking comes duty.

Our engineers were good fellows. If they had faults they were American faults—rashness, a liberality bordering on extravagance, and a headstrong, violent way of reaching conclusions—traits born of ability and self-confidence and developed by recognitive dence and developed by recognitive dence and developed by recognitive. later and setting two tanks of oil on fire, that burned up a freight depot. I figured he cost us \$40,000 the week he ran. Then he went back to selling

After this experience I was sitting in my office one evening, when a young-ish fellow in a slouch hat opened the

door and stuck his head in.
"What do you want?" I growled.
"Are you Mr. Reed?"

ing in next morning behind Foley they

"What do you think of the track, foley?" said I.
"Fair," he replied, sitting down on "Suff hill down there by my desk. Zanesville.

THE SALT LAKE HERALD.

"Any trouble to climb it?" I asked, for I had purposely given him a heavy "Not with that car of butter. If you hold that butter another week it will climb a hill without any engine."

"Can you handle a passenger train?"
"I guess so."

"You don't think much of this strike, do you, Mr. Reed?" said Andy to me one day.

"Don't think there is going to be any, Andy."

He laughed knowingly.

"What actual grievance have the boys?" I asked.

"The trouble's on the east end," he replied, evasively.

"Is that any reason for calling 1,000 men out on this end?"

"If one goes out, they all go."

"Would you go out?"

"I one goes out, they all go."

"Would you go out?"

"I suggested.

"Just asking, that's all."

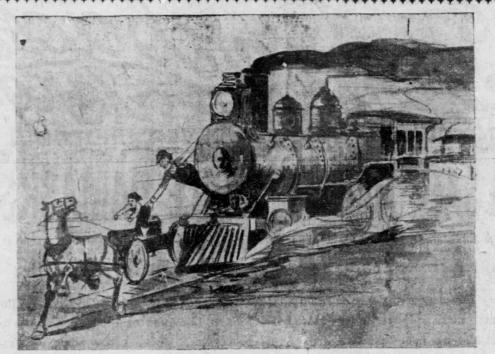
His impudence staggered me so that to double back tonight?"

"I can stand it if you can."

When I walked into the round house in the evening, with a pair of overalls on, Foley was in the cab getting ready for the run.

Neighbor brought the flyer in from the east. As soon as he had uncoupled and got out of! the way we backed down with the 448. It was the best engine we had left, and, luckily for any back, an easy steamer. Just as we coupled to the mail car a crowd of broke," I suggested.





FOLEY'S LONG ARM SWEPT INTO THE BUGGY AND COUGHT THE BOY BY THE BREECHES.

as he'd suck an orange. See?"

Next day it looked pretty one around the depot. Not a car was moved; the the fellow, eying me coolly. the regimers and fremen were a unit. But I introduced him to Mr. Lancaster, and left them together. Pretty soon the superintendent came into my of-

> "What do you make of him, Reed?" said he.
> "What do you make of him?"

Lancaster studied a minute.
"Take him over to the roundhouse
and see what he knows."
I walked over with the new find, he asked, "Can you get it through to Chatting warlly. When we reached a Denver?"

We looked at each other. At last all He threw off his coat, picked up a

stepping up myself.

He pinched the throttle, and we steamed slowly out of the house. A

minute showed he was at home on an Can you handle it?" I asked, as he

shut off after backing down to the "You use soft coal," he replied, try-ing the injector. "I'm used to hard. This injector is new to me. Guess I can

ork it, though." What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say."
"What is it?" 1 asked curtly. "Foley."
"Well, Foley, if you have as much

sense as you have gall you ought to get along. If you act straight, you'll never want a job again as long as you live. If you don't, you won't want to "Got any tobacco?"
"Here, Baxter," said I, turning to
the roundhouse foreman, "this is Foley.

Next day a committee of strikers, rith Andy Cameron, very cavalier, at heir head, called on me.

Give him a chew, and mark him up to go out on 77 tonight. If he monkeys with anything around the house kill

he would ditch it and skip. So Foley ran a long string of emp-ties and a car or two of rotten oranges she and W. Harold found themselves in the great Army of the Unemployed. As for freight, and yet all the Factories were running double Shifts and Harvest Hands getting as a day.

At last they became so Desperate and Lonely that they fell in love with each other out of yearning Sympathy and this gave rise to so much Scandal that they had to go back to the Other Side to live it down.

MORAL: Beware of Government Bonds.

MORAL: Beware of Government Bonds.

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That and I management to represent, in the super-time and a car or two of rotten oranges down to Harvard Junctiog that night, with one of the dispatchers for pilot. Under my orders they had a train of this road. I simply want to say to you and to your committee, that I take my orders from the president and gen-tof they had to go back to the Other Side to McCloud. They had picked up at the junction for him to bring back to McCloud. They had picked up at the junction for him to bring account, Foley; I'm shy on life insurance."

He laughed.

"You're safe with me. I never killed man, weman or child in my life. When leaded after it had laid out in the sun for two weeks, and a car of butterness increased. We got a few trains through, but we were terribly crippled. As for freight, we made no pretense of moving it. Trainioads of fruit and meat rotted in the yards. The strikers grew more of the strikers saw the stuff com-

Let's tackle him, anyhow," replied efellow, eying me coolly. introduced him to Mr. Lancaster, do left them together. Pretty soon behind them, and began filling his cups

without the least attention to anybody. Nicholson sprang on him like a tiges. The onslaught was so sudden that they had him under their feet in a minute. I jumped down, and Ben Buckley, the tonductor, came running up. Between us we gave the little fellow a life. He squirmed out like a cat, and backed

instantly up against a tender.
"One at a time, and come on," he cried, hotly. "If it's ten to one, and on "Run her out to the switch," said I, epping up myself.

He pinched the shorts."

He pinched the shorts."

He pinched the shorts."

He pinched the shorts."

pulled out.

"No: we slipped an eccentric coming up, and I've been under the engine ever since. Say, she's a bird, jan't she? She's all right. I couldn't run her com-

ing up; but I've touched up her valve motion a bit, and I'll get action on her as soon as it's daylight."

Matural Life was to clip the Cousevery Six Months. Between times
could enjoy himself. It looked
the Harold and Bunch, including a
the Harold great engine I knew the drivers were in the clutch of the mighty air brake; but the resistless momentum of the beast. I shrank back in horror; but the little man at the throttle, throwing the last ounce of air on the burning wheels, leaped from his box with a face transfixed.

"Take her!" he cried, and, never shifting his eyes from the cut, he shot through his open window and darted like a cat along the running board to

Not 100 feet separated us from the crossing. I could see the baby's curls blowing in the wind. The horse suddenly leaped from across the track to

for the run back, Foley was just coupling on.

"Did you get a nap?" I asked, as we pulled out.

"Heavens! little man, I wouldn't 've struck you for all the gold in Alaska. Fve got a chunk of a boy in Reading as much like him as a twin

again—and started. I had certainly seen him before; and, had I not, his father's features were too well stamped on the childish face for me to be mis

"Foley," I cried, all amaze, "that's Cameron's boy—little Andy!" He tossed the baby the higher; he cooked the happier; he shouted the looked the happier:

ley was showing Cameron a new en-gine, just in from the east. The two

took out No. 1." "I never shoved any pistol into you face." So saying, he stuck his hand into his pocket with the identical me-

a good many kinds of nerve, but I'll be splintered if I ever saw any one man with all kinds of nerve till I struck Foley."
(Copyright, 1900, by Frank H. Spearman.)

Oh, Upright Judge!

Bilnks relates? He must have been a great traveler in his day.

Native—He was never outside the county in his life, but, you see, his mind has wandered for years.

He Had It. (Baltimore News.)

"Yes, it's Fullerton's hobby that advice is cheap and within the reach of every person."
"What does he mean, anyhow?"
"What he says, I suppose. He's a confidential divorce lawyer."

Knew His Business. "The deuce it is! Well, son, I'm mighty glad of it." And I certainly was glad.

In fact, mighty glad, as Foley ex
words the happier, he shouted the "How do you think you stand with the voters in your town?"

"I never trouble myself about that,"
answered Segator Sorgham: "but I stand all right with the men who control the voters."

MACHINERY.

By F. P. Danne.

R. DOOLEY was reading from a paper. "'We live,' he says, "in an age iv wondhers. Niver befure in th' histhry ly th' wurruld has such pro-gress been made.'
"Thrue wurruds an' often spoken.

ly audacious himself. We had but one stop—for water—and aft-er that all down grade. We bowled along as easy as ninepins, but the pace was a halr-raiser. After we passed Arickaree we never touched a thing but the high joints. The long, heavy train behind us flew round the buffs once in awhile like the tail of a very capricious kite; yet somehow—and that's an engineer's magic—she always lit on the steel.

Day broke ahead, and between breaths I caught the glory of a surnise on the high shows of the strikers, I left my seat to speak to Foley.

"It was one of the speak to the steel."

The wurruds an' often spoken. Even 'in me time things has changed. With I was a la-ad Long Jawn Wintworth of Foley, stepping leisurely down from the cab. "I struck a buggy back here at the first cut, and I hear it run fr'm La Salle to Mrs. Murthy's hotel. They wasn't anny tilly-graft that I can raymimber an' th' sthreet car was pulled be a mule an' the struck and the horizon, remembering the ugly threats of the strikers, I left my seat to speak to Foley.

"I think you'd better swing off when you slow up for the yards and cut across to the roundhouse," I cried getting close to his ear, for we were on terrific speed. He looked at me inquiringly. "In that way you won't run linto Cameron and his crowd at the depot," I added. "I can't stop her all right."

He didn't take his eyes off the track. "Thi take the train to the platform," said he.

"In take the train to the platform," said he.

"In take the train to the platform," said he.

"In that a crossing cut ahead?" with sex.

Foley's nerve won.

Flushing a bit. Bat stuck his hand into his pocket: took it out; felt hurriedly in the other pocket, and, with some confusion, acknowledged he was short. Felix Kennedy intervened with a slab, and the three men fell at once to talking about the accident.

A long time afterwards some of the striking engineers were taken back, but none of those who had been guilly of actual violence. This barred Andy Cameron, who, though not worse than many others, had been less prudent; and while we all felt sorry for him after the other boys had gone to work. Lancaster repeatedly and positively refused to reinstate him.

Several times, though, I saw Foley and Cameron in confab, and one day up came Foley to the superintendent's office, leading little Andy, in his overalls, by the hand. They went into Lancaster's office together, and the door was shut a long time.

"When they came out little Andy had a plece of paper in his hand.
"Hang on to it, son," cautioned Foley; "but you can show it to Mr. Reed if you want to."

The youngster handed me the paper. It was an order directing Andrew Cameron to report to the master mechanic for service in the morning.

I happened over at the roundhouse one day nearly a year later, when Foley was showing Cameron a new engine, just in from the east. The two men were become great cromies; that

sawed off on him this mornin' an' he mustn't be kep' waitin'. An' th' idmen were become great cronies; that day they fell to talking over the strike.

"There was nevel but one thing I really laid up against this man," said Cameron to me.

"What's that?" asked Foley.

"Why, the way you shoved that pistol into my face the first night you took out No. 1."

he mustn't be kep' waitin'. An' th' iditor goes in. 'Who ar-re ye?' says their great man, givin' him wan iv thim piercin' looks that whin a man gets it he has to be sewed up at wanst. T'm ye're iditor,' says Hor'ce. 'Which war?' says Pierpont. 'Number two hundhred an' eight.' 'What's ye'er spichilty?' Tahriff an' th' improvemint in the warming of the warming of the mustn't be kep' waitin'. An' th' iditor goes in. 'Who ar-re ye?' says their great man, givin' him wan iv thim piercin' looks that whin a man gets it he has to be sewed up at wanst. T'm ye're iditor,' says Hor'ce. 'Which war?' says Pierpont. 'Number two hundhred an' eight.' 'What's ye'er spichilty?' Tahriff an' th' improvemint in the mustn't be kep' waitin'. An' th' iditor goes in. 'Who ar-re ye?' says their great man, givin' him wan iv thim greatly in the has to be sewed up at wanst. T'm ye're iditor,' says Hor'ce. 'Which war?' says Pierpont. 'Number two hundhred an' eight.' 'What's ye'er spichilty?' Tahriff an' th' improvemint in the mustn't be kep' waitin'. An' th' iditor goes in. 'Who ar-re ye?' says their greatly and it is the hear to be sewed up at wanst. T'm ye're iditor,' says Hor'ce. 'Which ye're iditor,' says Pierpont. 'Number two hundhred an' eight.' 'What's ye'er spichilty?' Tahriff an' th' improvemint in the mustn't be kep' waitin' he mustn't be kep' waitin' he has to be sewed up at wanst. T'm ye're iditor,' says Pierpont. 'Number two hundhred an' eight.' 'What's ye'er spichilty?' Tahriff an' th' improvemint in the mustn't be kep' waitin' he has to be sewed up at wanst. T'm ye're iditor,' says Pierpont. 'Number two hundhred an' eight.' 'What's ye'er iditor,' says Pierpont. iv th' wurruld,' says Herce. iv in wurring, says hereighted the wins, says Pierpont, an' th' intherwiew is over. Now what's made th' change? Mechanical science, Hinnissy. Some wan put up a masheen that puts steel billets within th' reach iv all. Hince Charlie Schweb.

into his pocket with the residue, into his pocket with the last tion he used that night of the strike, and levelled at Andy, just as he had done then—a plug of tobacco. "That's all I ever pulled on you, son; I never carried a pistol in my life."

Cameron looked at him, then he turned to me with a tired expression: buf I'll buf I'll hod, an' small flats an' a taste iv hod, an' small flats soider in the peaches. It amy sees the warruld ain't betther off thin it was, tell him that a masheen has been invinted that makes honey out iv pethrolyum. If he asts ye why they ain't anny Shakespeares today, say: 'No, but we no longer make sausages be hand'.

ver, cried, hoty. "If it's ten to one, and on part a man's back at that, we'll do it difference." With a quick, peculiar movement of it; that left the buggy quartering arm back at that, we'll do it difference. The way the wheels back it and the standard or the standard thrust. Mechanical science has dule ivrything f'r me but help me. I suppose I ought to feel supeeryor to me father. He niver see a high buildin, but he didn't want to. He cudden't come here in five days, but he was a wise man, and if he cud've come in three he'd have stayed in th' County Researment.

Roscommon.

"Th' pa-apers tells me that midical science has kept pace with th' hop-skip-an'-a-jump iv mechanical inginooty.
Th' doctors has found th' mickrobe iv ivrything fr'm lumbago to love, an' fr'm jandice to jealousy, but if a brick bounces on me head I'm crated up th' fellar can make a pianny out iv a bar'i
iv crude ile, but no wan has been able
to make a blade iv hair grow on Rockyfellar. They was a doctor over in
France that discovered a kind iv a
thing that if 'twas pumped into ye
i wud make ye live till people got so tired
iv seein' ye around they cud scream.
He died th' nex' year iv premachure of' fellar can make a pianny out iv a bar